THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DIAPERMAN!

#13

THE BLACK WHIP assembles the

Fetish Five

01311
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$3.50 US

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DOC LAZARUS INVENTS A STRANGE MACHINE—A TRANS-DIMENSIONAL GATE DESIGNED TO VISIT OTHER WORLDS—BUT THE SPANKER WANTS TO TAKE IT FOR HIS VERY OWN!

HE AND DIAPERMAN BATTLE EACH OTHER ONLY TO FALL SIMULTANEOUSLY INTO THE DEVICE, MERGING INTO THE HIDEOUS BEAST KNOWN AS NIGHTWETTER.

RACING AGAINST TIME, DOC LAZARUS AND SLEEPERS MCGEE STRUGGLE TO LURE NIGHTWETTER BACK TO THE MACHINE THAT CAUSED THE MERGE.

KRAK-KOOM!

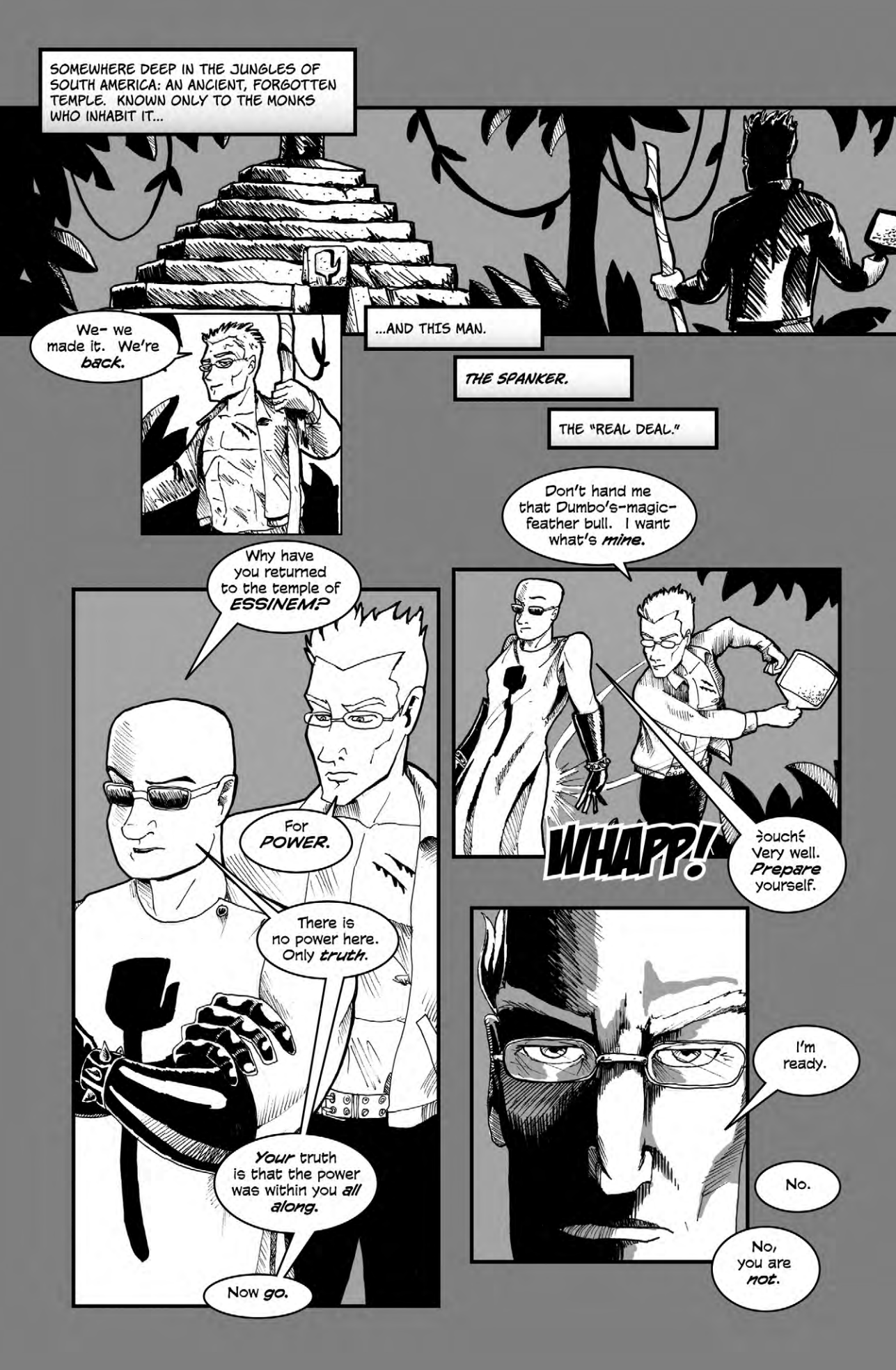
USING ONLY THEIR INGENUITY AND THE FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF COLLEGE NERDS, THEY MANAGE TO ACTIVATE THE MACHINE...

...JUST AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FROM A FREAK STORM STRIKES, DESTROYING IT—BUT NOT BEFORE IT SUCCEEDS IN SEPARATING DIAPERMAN FROM THE SPANKER.

OOF!
SMUCK!
Sleeperz? Zis is Doc Lazarus! What is your ztatus?
Gyipe!
WH-PSH!
Zleeperz?
Mein linker Schuh wird mit Weasels gefüllt.
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF UNDERMAN!
WRITER: Michael McAdam
ARTIST: Mike Rieger
COVER ARTIST: Lisa Redfern
CHARACTERS CREATED BY: Michael McAdam & Mike Rieger
Pity you're out alone tonight, mama's boy.
I'll, uh, have to get back to you on that, Doc...
That means it's two against one... in favor of—
THE BLACK WHIP and CORPORAL PUNISHMENT!

Quit stalling, sidekick. Why don't you quit wasting my time and bring out the main event?
Unless... the rumours are true?
gak You won't win, you know...
Oh, Diaperman's still around, lady. The rumour I heard is that you're beneath him. You're not worth it anymore.
Blick! Es gibt Brüste auf meinem Kopf!
KER-FWIP!
krk
kck
klk
Brave words, sideshow. But let's see how you stand up to my new sidekick, the Corporal here!
Ich wurde in meinem Badeanzugbereich berührt!
BOOM IN THE GOO!
KRAK-KOWLICH!

Listen, I don't know where you found Colonel *Mustard* back there—
--but I've been spanked by the *real deal,* lady.
He's *Corporal Punishment*. I said it like *five times.*
Your new sidekick's nothing but a shameless *style parody*—hrk!
C'mere, baby. I'll show you *style.*


SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA: AN ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN TEMPLE. KNOWN ONLY TO THE MONKS WHO INHABIT IT...
...AND THIS MAN.
THE SPANKER.
THE "REAL DEAL."
We- we made it. We're back.
Don't hand me that Dumbo's-magic-feather bull. I want what's mine.
Why have you returned to the temple of ESSINEM?
For POWER.
There is no power here. Only truth.
Your truth is that the power was within you all along.
Now go.
WHAPP!
Touché. Very well. Prepare yourself.
I'm ready.
No.
No, you are not.

Your weapon — need it you will *not*. All you will find inside is what you take with you.
All right — what if I take my wallet? Will there be an *evil* wallet?
There will not be an evil wallet.
How about my pen?
Will I do battle with an *evil* pen?
Can I get a ruling on my keys?
SMACKO!
Snap out of it. There is no *rules lawyering*.
Sorry. Don't know what came over me.

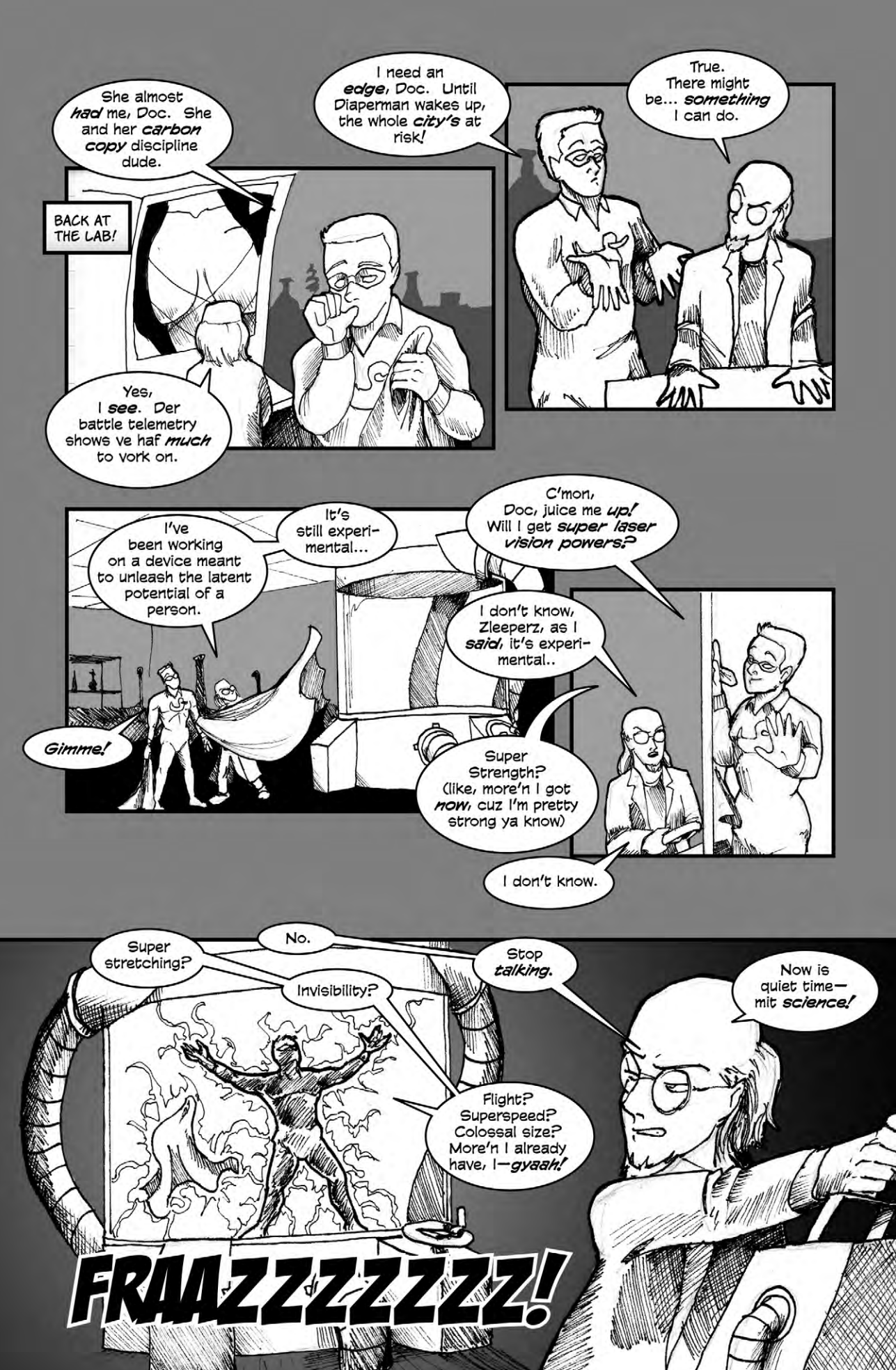
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LAND OF FANTASY...
duuuuuuuu... whee... nice lady...
There now, isn't that nice? You're such a *good* boy.
ZLEEPERZ!
buh*wha?*
Tell me vhat ist going on!
Doc...I *can't* fight her... she's too much... *woman...*
True *dat*, baby boy! *HA HA HA!*
Zleepers, you've *gott* to break free! It ist der *only* hope!
N-no *use*, doc...I'm goin' *down...*
WHAT?!?
N-not *literally*, Doc... oooh... losin' it...
There is only *one* vay out of dis, Zleeperz. You are going to haf to *trust* me!
H-Hurry, Doc...

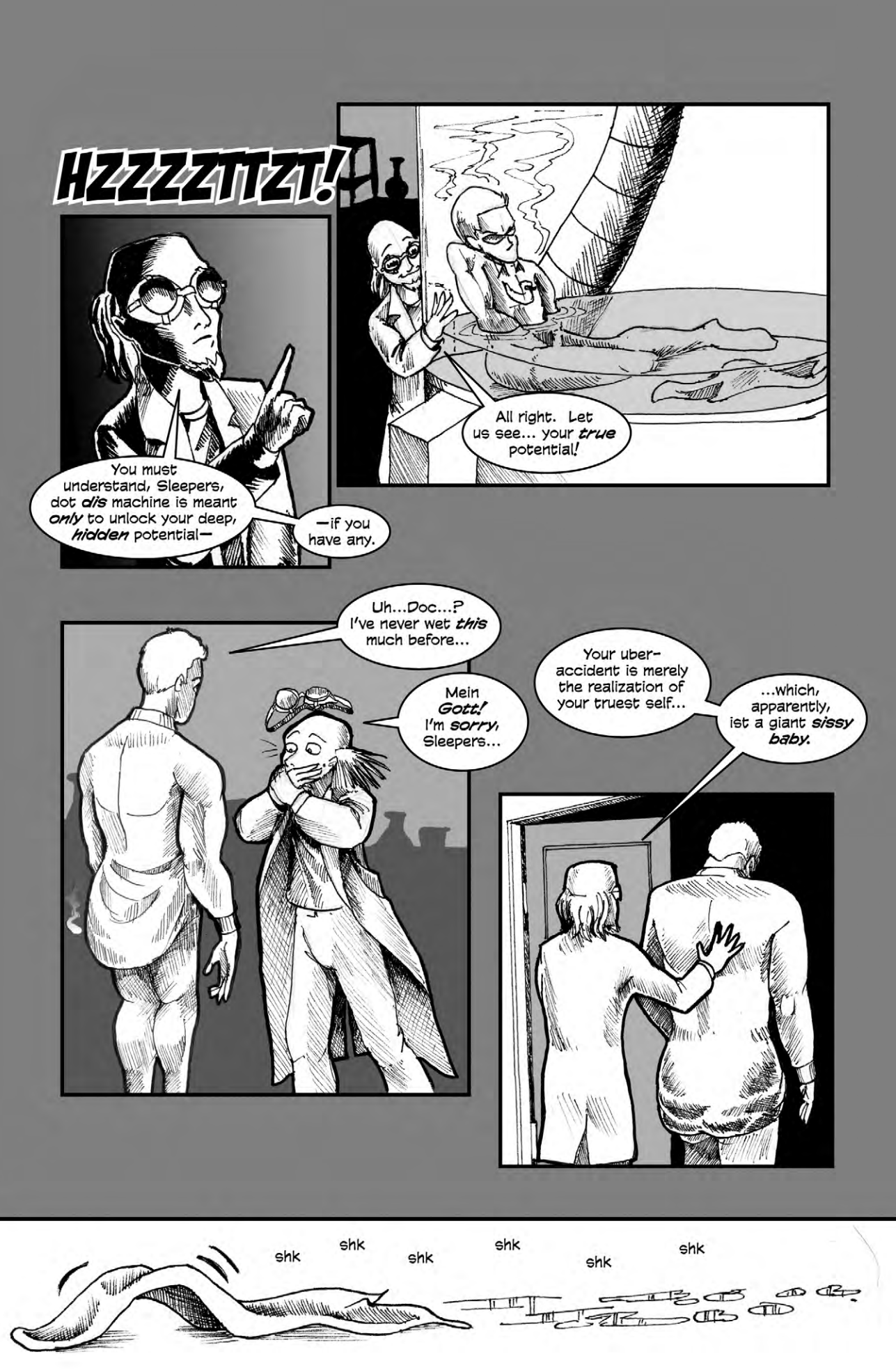
Look at der *Black Whip,* Zleeperz. *Look* at her.
Doc...I dunno...
You *haf* to, Zleeperz. Look at her *vomanity.* At *every*ssing she ist.
H-holy Double-D *Dominatrix!*
See anything you *like,* sidekick?
Now, Zleeperz...
...think of your mother!
I *said,* do you see anything you *like?*
GAAAH!!

Oedipus Rex!
TITTY SMACK!
Zleeperz! Did you succeed?
Yeah, doc... but I don't think I'm gonna be able to look at my mom the same way again.
Doc, I don't know how long I can keep this up without him.
You haf to, Sleepers. Megopolis needs you.
Megopolis needs him, Doc... we all do.

AND, IN A QUIET, DIMLY-LIT ROOM ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...A HERO SLUMBERS.
How is the patient?
Situation unchanged. Still in a coma.
Yes, now who can tell me why?
History said he was pulled from a collapsed building at the University.
But he had no signs of trauma, no contusions...
It was like he'd had the soul just...ripped out of him.
"Soul ripped out" is not a diagnosis. Go find a real one.
Maybe it's lupus?
You always guess lupus. It's never lupus. Out.
Funny thing about you, my friend. According to your chart, you apparently have no bladder control...
So my question is...
And your face. Completely unmarred by stress or carelines.
Also, the skin on your buttocks has been toughened by several rashes...
...because it appears as though those muscles have never been used.
Plus, there are abrasions on the skin around your eyes... as if from a domino mask.
What happened to you... Diaperman?

All right! I've passed all of your stupid tests!
SOUTH AMERICA.
The Trial of Weet-O-Bix, the Intentionally Poor Grammar, and that ridiculous Ping-Pong ball test...
...which was humiliating...
What next, O Mighty Essinem?
I am merely the guardian of the temple. your fear drives you. this is good.
Fear? I fear nothing.
yes, give in to your fear. you're worthless. just like him.
No! I'm nothing like him!
No...
guk!
you fear what you saw... inside him.
I see you're ready for your final test.
H-HA. Is..that all you got? Is that all you got?
Oh bugger.


BACK AT THE LAB!
She almost had me, Doc. She and her carbon copy discipline dude.
Yes, I see. Der battle telemetry shows ve haf much to vork on.
I need an edge, Doc. Until Diaperman wakes up, the whole city's at risk!
True. There might be... something I can do.
I've been working on a device meant to unleash the latent potential of a person.
It's still experimental...
C'mon, Doc, juice me up! Will I get super laser vision powers?
I don't know, Zleeperz, as I said, it's experimental..
Gimme!
Super Strength? (like, more'n I got now, cuz I'm pretty strong ya know)
I don't know.
Super stretching?
No.
Invisibility?
Stop talking.
Flight? Superspeed? Colossal size? More'n I already have, I—gyaah!
Now is quiet time—mit science!
FRAAZZZZZZZ!


HZZZZTTZT!
All right. Let us see... your true potential!
You must understand, Sleepers, dot dis machine is meant only to unlock your deep, hidden potential—
—if you have any.
Uh...Doc...? I've never wet this much before...
Mein Gott! I'm sorry, Sleepers...
Your uber-accident is merely the realization of your truest self...
...which, apparently, ist a giant sissy baby.
shk
shk
shk
shk
shk
shk

Two against one and we lost. We got spanked out there.
Etwas bewegt unter diese Tabelle.
Later, Hansen. I've called you all here because something needs to be done. You're the most infamous fetishists in your fields...
SLAM!
Fursona.
Macrophile.
Fear me!
and... The Slasher.
Together... we are the Fetish Five!
What? That's a terrible name. Who let her pick the name?
Ssh! Five minutes ago she wanted to be "Hottie and the Blowfish."

Th' hell is *this?* You call us all here to be some kinda *sidekicks?*
Not at *all.* The good corporal here is the only sidekick.
Der flockige Mann erinnert mich an meine Decke.
I consider the rest of you to be... *specialists.*
Specialists at *what?* What good is *Tiney Miney* here?
Why don't you *show* him, Macrophile?
Macrophile likes to grow very large... and is *excited* by the act of stepping on people.
GUHWEEEE!

Okay, but what's with this Slasher chick? You hired an actual killer?
Hahaha! No, her name is somewhat misleading. Tell them why, Slasher.
I write slash fiction. And it comes true.
Comes true? What the hell is slash fiction?
I make boys kiss.
"The two men slowly became aware of each other. Maybe it was the uniform, or maybe just the cute bear suit. But new feelings were awakening in them, feelings they'd never before been aware of..."
"... feelings upon which they just had to act!"
NOM NOM NOM
SMACK
SCARF
SMOOCH
BWAAAH! Oh GOD!
Enough, Slasher. I'm sure you boys see how... effective our feisty little fanfic'er can be.
So you see, with this group we can't lose... we will crush Diaperman and take over Megopolis once and for all!
What're you lookin' at, captain tightpants?

Is that everything you *got?* C'mon... {pant wheeze} I can take more...
no. you have passed your trials.
now is the time for you to remember your purpose.
GYAAAGGHGGHGHI
Very *well,* Mark. If you can't behave then you can stay *here* at boarding school...
...while your mother and brother and I go on this trip *alone.*
Perhaps when we come back you'll have learned some *discipline.*
I...never saw them again...
MILLIONAIRE DIES IN PLANE CRASH
YOUNGEST SON NOT FOUND

If I had had more discipline... they might still be alive today.
And *him*... he just runs around with no discipline at *all*.
Completely *heedless* of the *consequences*.
I'll *show* you what you need to know. I'll teach you the lessons you *need*.
I will *discipline* you... for your own *good*.
You will come to understand why I need you to *behave*... ...*brother*.
And if you can't understand...
I WILL MAKE YOU!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT MEGOPOLIS GENERAL, A HERO DREAMS OF A WORLD THAT NEVER WAS...
Mmm, pizza buns...
It's time for you to wake up.
After all, Megopolis needs you. Your *friends* need you...
...and I need you.
Whhh...
...H-Harry? Professor?
Where is everyone?

The hospital says he's *gone.*
How could he get out of the hospital, Doc?
BACK AT THE LAB.
A *very* good question, Sleepers...
Perhaps he has awoken...?
I guess. The nurse checked in on him and he was gone.
I dunno how we're gonna find him.
I do. Ve shall take my car.
MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...
So. The rumours *were* wrong. You have returned, after all.
It won't make any difference--there's nothing you can do to stop me.
BU-THWACK!
All right... If *that's* how you want it. But know *this*: I am not alone!
I wonder if he's *scared*. I wonder what he's *doing*.
I wonder if he's seeing *that*.

CRISIS IN THE CORE
PERRY WACOV
MEGOPOLIS ACTION NEWS
We interrupt this program to bring you breaking news from downtown Megopolis—citizens are *fleeing in terror* from an as-yet-unnamed threat!
We take you now to *Haddock Lorry,* our reporter on the scene. Haddock?
Eeeeeeeee!
Thank you, Perry. The downtown core is besieged during an attack from what seems to be a group of—
BOOM!
BOOOM!
Aiyaaaah!
巨大なスカートの人!
BOOOOM!
I said *GRRR,* dammit! *Fear* me!
—*rampaging fetishists?* Is that right? Am I reading this right? A *giant man in a kilt* has been spotted? That's in*sa*—
KAFLUD!

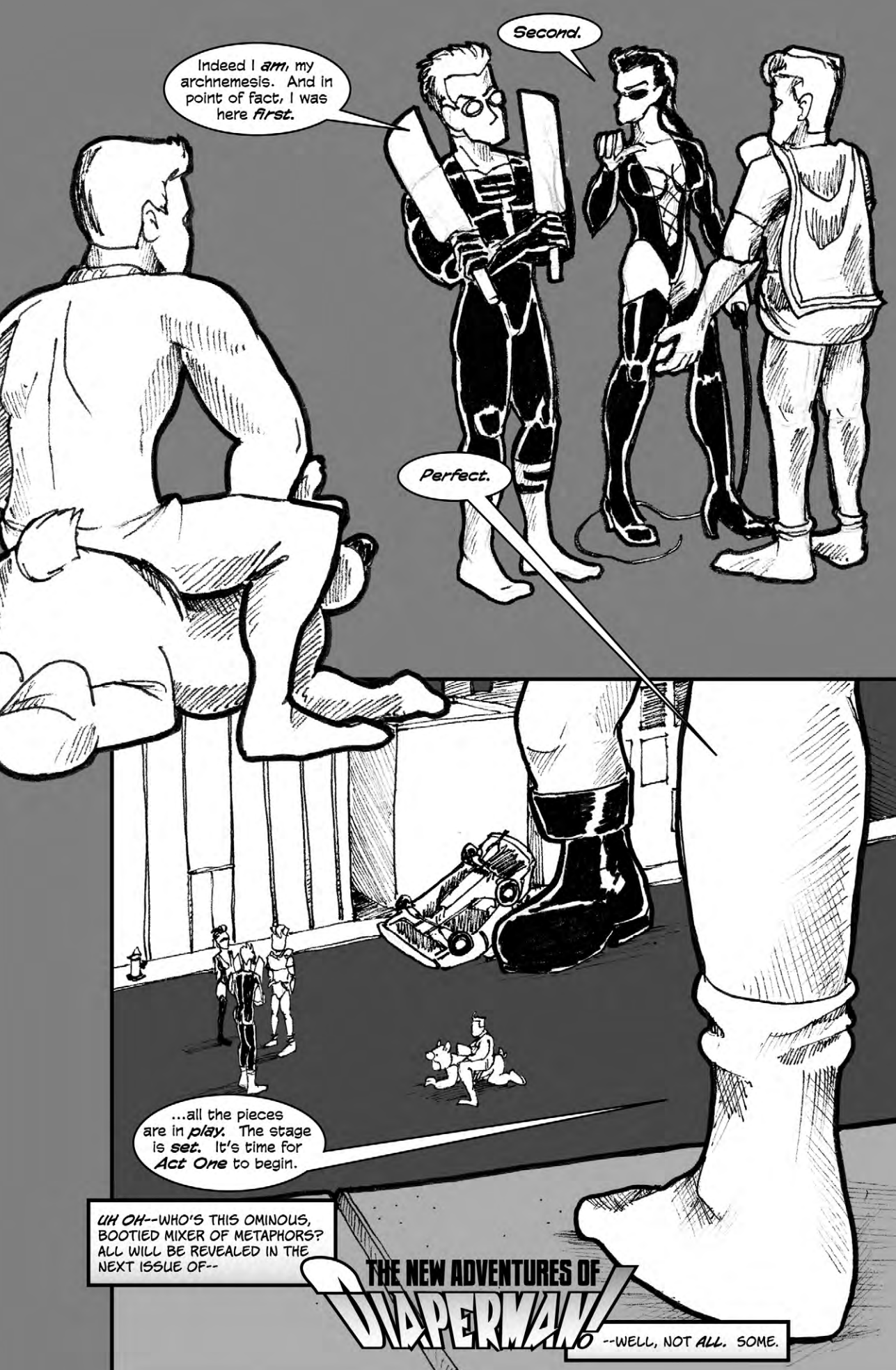
Look! It's a *dude* in a *skirt!*
Mein *Gott,* what I *feared* has finally come to pass. Whatever force is causing Megopolis to be haunted by *fetishistic supervillains* has reached its inevitable conclusion: we are under attach by an enormous *drag queen*. A *bald,* enthusiastically *hairy* drag queen. It is the *end times.*
Wow. *Really?*
No. *That* is a giant man in a kilt. Now get in there!
Rrrarr! Grrarrr!
Mommy, look at the teddy!
Destroy him! *Destroy* him and the city is *ours!*

"Then the unfortunate passers-by found themselves not only helpless to prevent the supervillainous wreckage, but also just as helpless to deny the long-repressed urgings bubbling to the surface..."
GLOMPF!
SLORRP!
PREEVERT!
Das ist Recht, treten mich wie ein verärgerter Esel!

It's... chaos.
Yeah, an' you can see right up that giant's skirt.
Kilt.
Michael! You're back! I missed you so bad.
I missed you too! And you have to tell me what in the name of rubber pants is going on.
Oh, you know. Villainy. Here, buddy...
I've been keepin' this safe for you.
In dryest day! In wettest night! Be pacified in great G'uu's light!
Wait! There is still vun question: if Michael was here... who are the villains fighting?
Now, Sleepers... let's go pacify the situation!
shk
shk
shk

Hey, bad girl. Been looking for me?
Well well... if it isn't the Padded Paladin himself!
Ow! Leggo my ears!
I'm afraid I'm a little busy right now. What with my Quintet of Quarrelsomeness taking over the city and all.
I'm sure you can pencil me i--wait, what? Is that your group's name? That's awful.
STOP!

There will be *no* such lack of discipline in *my* city.
I keep telling you--it's not *your* city until you've beaten *me*.
Spanker! You're *back!*


Indeed I *am*, my archnemesis. And in point of fact, I was here *first*.
Second.
Perfect.
...all the pieces are in *play*. The stage is *set*. It's time for *Act One* to begin.
UH OH--WHO'S THIS OMINOUS, BOOTIED MIXER OF METAPHORS? ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF--
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DIAPERMAN!
--WELL, NOT *ALL*. SOME.

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Requires AA batteries and your soul.
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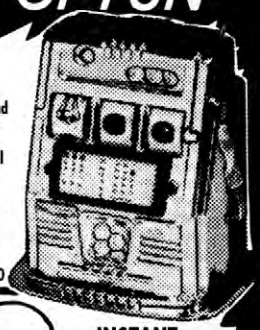

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$1.10 for the first minute, 5 cents a minute after.

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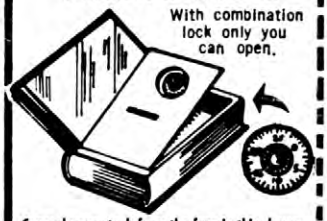

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diaperman.net

In this issue: THE BLACK WHIP Faces off against SLEEPERS! But where is DIAPERMAN? What's happened to THE SPANKER? And who are... the Fearsome FETISH FIVE?

ART: Mike Rieger STORY: Michael McAdam COVER: Lisa RedFern

ALSO AVAILABLE: the complete first series, containing the collected comics from the original website of Diaperman! Including never-before-seen episodes, artwork, and commentary by the original artist and writer. A superhero who wears diapers? And his arch-nemesis is...THE SPANKER? What kind of wacky world has heroes like this? Diaperman's does! 127 pages, 8.5"x 11", perfect bound, full-color interior ink. Visit the website for details:

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